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FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1913.

PREVENT FIRE.

Richmond should have a good Fire Department. The Board of Fire Commissioners is right in this ambition. Yet it does not seem necessary to issue bonds to the value of \$100,000 for apparatus that is not permanent. There should be ample provision for adding new fire-fighting machinery each year, and modern methods demand the gradual motorization of the entire department. As a business proposition, however, this worthy improvement must be balanced against the other needs of the city and the actual protection afforded and needed.

On this basis the Finance Committee will be perfectly justified in refusing to saddle this debt on the taxpayer unless convincing evidence is offered of a real and quick return. The matter of meeting the debt in ten years by yearly deductions from the "expense fund" of the Fire Department is merely a juggling of books. If this \$25,000 is needed for the proper maintenance of the present service, then \$10,000 a year cannot be spared. If this \$10,000 a year is not needed for the department, then it should be kept in the treasury for what city use the Council may determine.

It is certain that we can always use more emergency equipment. It is also proved beyond a doubt that two things need attention right away. First, the telegraph alarm system is old and slow and liable to defects. A new and modern system of alarms should be installed. Money for this ought to be provided by the Council. Second, the water pressure in certain districts is admittedly inadequate for fighting big fires with many engines. Until this is remedied what is the sense of providing a lot of new engines?

What modern American cities need is better fire prevention, and less fire fighting. Better alarm machinery, by getting the apparatus on the spot in a hurry, works for this. Motor apparatus tends toward the same end.

Last, the building code and the proper exercise of the authority vested in the Building Inspector have as much to do with reducing the fire loss as has the department. Richmond might wisely investigate this end of its fire risks. Let us have enough fire fighting machinery, but let us work energetically toward eliminating the need for fighting fires by preventing them.

IN GERMANY'S HANDS.

There is pretty good ground for the suspicion that Austria-Hungary, not satisfied with carrying her point in securing or forcing agreement of the powers for the erection of Albania into an autonomous state, is at the bottom of the renewal of hostilities in the Balkans—the condition of virtual war among the allies themselves.

In the same connection suspicion intrudes itself that she, as well as Serbia, had a secret ante-bellum understanding with Bulgaria, hers being in the nature of a foil or counter to the latter agreement. In order to a clear comprehension of the reason for suspecting Austria-Hungary and Bulgarian rapprochement, such as indicated, we must scan briefly the fundamental facts of the differences that have arisen in the camp of the alliance, and set its members at one another's throats, with the result that Europe may now be nearer a general conflagration than at any time since the first shot was fired in the war of the Balkan concert upon Turkey.

The Serbo ante-bellum secret treaty was made with the expectation that in the event of Albania being wrested from Turkey, it would be apportioned out to Montenegro, Serbia and Greece, in consideration of which arrangement Bulgaria was to have a greater part of Macedonia. However, Austria-Hungary's intervention in behalf of Albanian "independence"—save the mark!—left Bulgaria with the substance of all she coveted to be satisfied with, and the other three allies with hardly the shadow of what had been preassigned to them. In this situation Greece and Serbia demanded in right and justice, as compensation, a larger share of Macedonia, but Bulgaria stood on the letter of the bond.

Suspicion of Serbo-Austria-Hungarian sideplay takes the form of the question: "Did Bulgaria know when the Balkan treaty of alliance was made, that Austria-Hungary designed to rob Serbia, Greece and Montenegro, by having Albania declared a separate state, until such time as it was convenient to convert it into another Bosnia and Herzegovina? There have been many incidents and developments and significant signs recently which point to an affirmative answer—point, in short, to predetermined Bulgarian treachery.

To recur to the first-mentioned suspicion, however: ever since the breaking out of the Turko-Albanian war and throughout all the peace negotiations, Austria-Hungary's policy has been absolutely selfish. It has been systematically and assiduously directed to preventing the building up of a new and confederated power to the south of her. What more natural, therefore, than that she should address herself to stimulating the fiction that arose over the division of the spoils, in the

new conditions that evolved out of her triumph in respect of Albania? If she can segregate Bulgaria, and not only weaken that state, but the other three members of the erstwhile concert, by insuring their involvement in a war among themselves, so much nearer she calculates she will be to the day when it will be "necessary" for her to intervene to "restore peace"—i. e., destroy all prospect of a permanent confederation and modus vivendi.

There has been talk of a combination of the powers to coerce Bulgaria, in order to "save Europe from a conflict universal." It would seem that what is more demanded to that end is a combination to coerce Austria-Hungary. The power to effect such a combination lies in Germany's hands, and for the Kaiser to take advantage of the fact by notifying her allies in the Dreikaiser that Germany intended to exercise it would be a glorious vindication of his assertion, made on the occasion of his recent jubilee, that Germany is for peace.

THE PLAYGROUNDS AT WORK.

For some years The Times-Dispatch has preached playgrounds until there arose a strong suspicion that it was a hobby. Now that the playgrounds are at work, and making plans for bigger things, we trust that our faith has been justified. We are glad that the Administrative Board has taken a liberal and forward-looking attitude toward the children of Richmond. It is a good thing to have lights in the grounds at night, so that the youths who are at work during the day have a chance to get some healthy recreation that does not come from loafing on the streets. The working class are the ones for whom this long fight has been made. They need the play, and every means possible should be taken to give it to them.

The beginning of outdoor celebrations has been made this year in some simple exercises for the safe and sane Fourth. To-day there will be harmless gaiety and some attempts at picturesque amusement. Next year it is to be hoped the more ambitious dreams of those in authority will come true. Let us have the pageant, the dancing and games, participated in by all the playgrounds and enjoyed by all the people. That is what holidays are for, and it is time the community took a hand in making the summer pleasanter for the folks who do the hard work and get no expensive trip to the mountain or shore. This is also the main argument for band concerts.

We repeat a plea for supervised swimming holes as part of the play enterprises. Cannot the Administrative Board find a few hundred dollars even this summer to make safe a couple of places on the river for the boys—say, from 5 to 7 every evening and all afternoon on Saturdays? Some very simple equipment and a guard to direct and guide the youngsters would be enough. The sad lessons of the danger in unwatched swimming have been impressed within the past few days by drownings here and elsewhere. The city owes this joy to its sons.

A PROTEST FROM APPOMATTOX.

N. R. Featherstone has been one of the R. F. D. carriers in Appomattox County for years. He has just taken the oath of office as superintendent of schools in that county, pursuant to his appointment by the State Board of Education. The Appomattox Times-Virginian asks, "Can he make good as the head of the educational institutions of the county? We doubt it. The State Board of Education is, of course, responsible for his appointment, and we believe, deserves to be criticized at the hands of our people for the appointment of Mr. Featherstone over the Rev. R. C. Hubbard." Professor Lindsay Crawley was eliminated from the contest by Attorney-General Williams' decision that he could not serve at the same time as teacher and superintendent.

The occupation of R. F. D. carrier is an entirely good one, but does experience in it fit one for the direction of the educational progress of a county? Of course, it is possible, although it is not likely, that without experience in and knowledge of education a school superintendent may succeed, but such a case would be a very rare exception indeed. The position requires expert knowledge, if not experience. If Mr. Featherstone has acquired it, he will succeed; if he has not and does not rapidly acquire it, he will fail. In any event, we agree with the Times-Virginian that Mr. Featherstone should have the cooperation of the people, and the trustees particularly, in making his administration of the public schools a success if possible.

A NEGLECTED SOURCE OF STATE REVENUE.

One hundred and thirty-three dollars was all that the Commonwealth of Virginia received last year for the tens of thousands of dollars worth of game killed in her borders in that period. Every cent of the money came from the pockets of nonresident sportsmen, who are the only persons required by law to pay a license for the privilege of hunting. Only eight out of the one hundred counties returned revenue to the State Treasury from this source. Henrico paid \$15; Nansemond, \$38; Warwick, \$50; Halifax, \$50; Dinwiddie, \$50; Madison, \$19; Rockingham, \$50; Patrick, \$19. Only fourteen nonresidents paid the Commonwealth for license to hunt within its borders. Game constitutes a vital part of our natural resources, and of our food resources, and yet the State's endeavors to conserve it return but \$133 into the public coffers. Game of all sorts is being widely and ruthlessly and wastefully destroyed, and there is neither compensation nor remedy.

The Times-Dispatch considers that the facts stated above, which are taken from the latest report of the Auditor of Public Accounts prove the necessity for systematic State regulation of hunting in Virginia. The right of each landowner to hunt freely on his own land we fully admit, but there we would draw the line. A reasonable license fee should be imposed upon every hunter who hunts upon land

other than his own or upon unclaimed land. With the fees so collected and from no other source, a system of game wardens fairly compensated should be established to see to it that game is not killed out of season nor in wasteful and excessive amounts. We have game laws already, but we have no adequate State-wide machinery for their enforcement. The pot hunter and the game butcher ought to be brought to time; they ought to be compelled not only to kill within reason, but to pay at least a nominal fee for the game which they kill on land which they do not own.

The Monrovia-Rutherford game law was defeated at the General Assembly of 1912, but it should be resurrected at the next session, vigorously pushed and supported by the united press of Virginia. If it became law it would impose a burden upon no man, but would put thousands of dollars of clear profit into the State treasury. The system of game wardens and game protection it proposes sustains itself out of license fees; the people would pay not one cent in taxes for its maintenance. If it becomes law, through the protection afforded against the wholesale butchery of game by persons who are killing just to see how much they can kill and not for food supply, game depletion will be stopped, and the result of such conservation will be that the amount of game in Virginia will be vastly increased, so that there will be more game for each hunter.

Alabama has adopted this system with the result that it is self-sustaining, that it pays thousands of dollars surplus into the State treasury, and has increased the amount of game. Florida has now adopted the Alabama law, and Virginia should do so at her first opportunity at the next session of the General Assembly. Not to protect game adequately is waste and extravagance, and on the other hand, to protect it is to enrich the State and benefit the people. Game conservation insures the perpetuation of a plentiful game supply, not alone for this generation, but for those to come. Herein Virginia must take thought of the future.

MAN REGULATES WOMAN'S FASHIONS.

Did you know, my dear, that it is the male of the species who dictates what you shall wear? Three hundred and forty-four tailors, representing thirty-four of the States of the United States, in convention in New York have, after an all-night session, ordered that woman's skirt for the winter of 1913-14 shall be from 38 to 50 inches in circumference around the hem, with a slight slash, and that it shall clear the ground by from one to two inches. The result is a compromise, which was not attained until many amendments had been offered to the report of the committee on hobbles, many speeches had been made and many roll calls had been recorded. Many of the votes were strictly on geographical lines. Feet and strides seem to vary according to sections.

"What is of a great deal more importance," avers the Christian Science Monitor, "is the fact that the men insist upon regulating all these things for the women. Women, in fact, have as little to say about the circumference of their skirts as about the height of street car steps. Men in different States of the Union, take certain observations, come to certain conclusions, adopt certain laws, and women have got to wear what these men agree among themselves she shall wear. This is not true of skirts only; it is true of suits, of hats, of practically everything in the line of fashions. And 344 men having made the laws regulating style, many millions of other men stand off and criticize and ridicule woman for wearing the things she has got to wear if she is going to be in fashion at all."

Here is something else for Congress to investigate. This state of things is positively awful. Why not let the women say what they should wear, so that if criticized for what they wear the blame will rest where blame is due? If men are responsible for women's wear, the horrible hobble, let them be brought to time, cinched and knocked into a cocked hat. Her clothes should be woman's peculiar province, over which she should have exclusive jurisdiction.

Sisters, just listen to George Bailey in the Houston Post: "Asks a Virginia anti-suffragist, 'Could a man running for office depend always upon his wife's support if she were a voter?' We don't know. A woman cannot now always depend upon her husband's support when he is not running."

Woodrow Wilson's prospective son-in-law would be a man just as much to be envied were his prospective father-in-law not President of the United States.

Here's a man to envy. He is described by the Farmville correspondent of the Appomattox Times-Virginian, who says: "The happiest mortal I have met with of late was in the person of a Buckingham farmer, who was feasting on dewberries three times a day. Let the gods feast while he feasts, too. He said nothing of the sugar and cream, but, no doubt, has them in abundance. And his milk comes from the springhouse, so he is independent of the ice king." And we'll warrant there is beautiful green mint in luxuriance fringing the spring.

It's almost too hot for baseball.

Fifty years ago they were spared the oratory, at least.

Poetry is to have its representative in the next General Assembly in the person of Delegate S. L. Love, the poet laureate of Lunenburg, who led the victorious charge at the Gettysburg of woman's suffrage in the last House.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Contentment.
I love to sit upon my cottage porch
And watch the rich hide by in fine
machines;
I love to see the handsome touring
cars,
The cute coupes and ponderous
limousines.
I love the odor they all leave for me
To breathe long after they have hurried
by;
I love to sit until I suffocate
In clouds of dirt and dust they have
made fly.

I love to sit and listen to the honks
And shrieks and squawks and squeals
They make night hideous and I
Forget my other troubles all, you
see.
So, let them honk and snort and hit
the breeze
And burst their tires and suffer other
ills;
Let them enjoy what peace of mind
they wish;
I am content, I do not get the bills.

PERSONAL.

Answers to Correspondents.
Mamie—No, Mamie, a humidifier is not a man who writes funny things for the magazines.

F. E. B.—Your kind letter received. In reply to same we would say to you that you should not get discouraged. We think of you very often and will remit in a short time. We are a rich uncle who can't hold out much longer the kind of weather with the ailment he has got.

Angeline—You ask us how to trim your hat. That's a cinch. If it is anything like most of them we've seen, you can trim it very effectively with a pair of shears or a sharp pocket-knife.

H. G.—You ask us what is the finest sort of garden we have seen, and first without any hesitancy that Mary is.

Patricia—To remove a wart on the thumb, lay the thumb carefully on a block of wood, and, taking a sharp hatchet, strike the thumb a brisk blow above the place where the wart is. The wart will never return.

Housewife—If company calls suddenly and there is not enough in the house to eat, take about fifteen yards of clothes line, the white variety preferred, cut it into convenient lengths and stew it with tomatoes and cheese, and even if the guests do know it isn't real spaghetti they will be too polite to mention the fact.

Fourth of July Hints.

Always hold dynamite crackers in the hand when exploding them. This will prevent any danger of being a celebrator next year.

If the cannon doesn't go off on time you can make it do business immediately looking into the muzzle. This never fails.

Always carry a lighted piece of punk in the pistol pocket of your trousers. This will save a lot of time, even though it doesn't save the trousers when a country's freedom is at stake. Your revolutionary ancestors would never have stopped for that.

Always point the skyrocket at the house across the way. It may not kill anybody, but it will scare them to death, so you will accomplish the same ultimate result.

Throw your firecrackers in the dry grass right next to the house. The house will make a grand illumination if the night is dark and add much to the glory of the occasion.

Always remember that a skittish horse is dead in love with patriotism. In the form of firecrackers, and never let one go by in the street without giving him a salute.

If the dynamite cracker doesn't go off, throw it up to the mouth and right hold it up to the mouth and blow on it. You will never have anything more to say upon any subject.

According to Uncle Abner.

Any fellow who is willing to get as judge of a handsome baby contest has got sand enough to accomplish anything that he sets out to do in this line.

Our congenial postmaster says the stamp business has picked up a lot since Miss Euphemia Perkins has been sending contributions of poetry to the magazines, and if there were two or three more authors here our office would soon be in the first class instead of the fourth.

Deacon Stubbs has got an old 1907 model mule and not a self-starter. When he wants the mule to go he has to get up and crank her up by twist-in her tail.

Feller will eat stuff in a saloon that he wouldn't touch if his wife tried to make him eat it at home.

A lot of women are interested in psychology and the over-soul who have never had time to learn how to do a sock.

I kin stand for a fool, but I ain't got no use for a dumb fool. A dumb fool is one who goes to it a second time.

FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies.

It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry lime by mixing thoroughly.

Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.

Let 1913 be a flyless year.

Abe Martin



"THE PATRIOT."

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright 1913, By John T. McCutcheon.]



VIEWS OF THE VIRGINIA EDITORS

Captain Curtis.

Over the grave of Captain John A. Curtis, harbor-master of Richmond, a Virginia paper quoted as criticizing any phase of public administration in Virginia. Who wouldn't rather be a dog and bay the moon than to do anything with that sort of philosophy save to kick it out the back door as embracing a vicious, cowardly, despicable, humiliating conception.

Moreover, a man who challenges the tenable and monstrous ally conception. These critics of progressive press criticism in Virginia fail to see or pretend not to understand that when a Virginia newspaper challenges the wisdom of a Governor's action or of a Legislature's action, or the action of a city's Administrative Board, or City Council or health authorities, it is not criticizing State, county or city as such, but rather the administration of those entities. If, for example, a newspaper is honestly convinced that the State government is not being properly administered, and thinks it a country's duty that effect is in order, then should it keep silent? If so, it is false to its mission and false to the State. If a newspaper honestly believes that health conditions in its community are such that effect is in order, then should it keep silent? If so, it is false to its mission and false to the State.

Reform in Taxation.

The Roanoke Times wants to know why the Richmond Times-Dispatch should go crazy over tax reforms. "If it is called 'crazy' advocating a reform from iniquitous and oppressive multiplicity of taxation with which this State is cursed, then not only the Virginian, but all other newspapers that have not heretofore advocated a reform, had better get into that state of mind and demand there shall be a simplified form of taxation, and no partiality shown to any one tax."

It is no doubt that by careful analysis it can be found that the poorer class of people of this State bear the heavier burden, while their wealthy neighbors, as a rule, escape their just assessments.

It must be remembered that the principle of eternal justice transmitted in the jurisprudence of every nation, with a few exceptions, from the remotest times, has been that the poor man has no tax "in earth, sea and sky."

In the Federal law, it was not the land, but the private streams and water, not the air over head, but one-tenth of the game (birds) killed. In Mosale, the people of the Nile, the Egyptians, Assyrians and Persians—it was a tithe.

Condition in the world have changed since the time of the feudal and Mosale laws, but the principle of eternal justice should be retained. The same man has no place in this state to stay his weary feet, no spot to rest himself, but what is assessed until, in many instances, he is driven to his knees.

In this State the eternal justice to the people is, being smothered in a multiplication of taxation, the only relief from which can be found when a simplified form shall hold sway, and people are awakening to the injustice that is being practiced upon them by the throttling of industries and the crushing out of the spirit of progress.

Partiality, except to the few, remains the same forever. To-day the poor man has no place in this state to stay his weary feet, no spot to rest himself, but what is assessed until, in many instances, he is driven to his knees.

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Critics of State Press Criticisms.

There evidently be some people in Virginia that are writhing under the hallucination that certain newspapers are engaged in the dastardly work of presenting the State, its counties, its cities, as fit subjects for the nation's scornful derision. Stop it—that's the command. The policy is hurting the State—that's the wall—Virginia's enemies outside her borders will seize upon these slanderous utterances and employ them to her discredit. Stop it—stop finding fault with things in Virginia—praise existing conditions—boost them—sit down with them in profound pride and contentment, and fondle and cuddle them as you would a pet lamb. Be thankful that you're living under the present dispensation—be who dallies in so doing is a dastard; he who doubts is damned. We are getting on very comfortably here in Virginia—sway these ardent disciples of the laissez-faire doctrine—our schools are thriving, our eleemosynary institutions are in fine shape—our public utilities are performing their services satisfactorily, our health conditions are superb—our officeholding crowds are saintly fellows; the ship of state is headed in the right direction. You who complain, or kick, or kick—upon the entire bunch of you with your treacherous, drenched propaganda—out upon you as fit subjects for our derision and contempt—out upon you with your whinings, and leave us alone—or else explore several fields of endeavor, I take the agency for the Little Bunches Club. How's th' meter reader gittin' gittin' th' house after mother gits t' votin'?

there would be less danger of accidents.

There are now in Richmond 1,150 automobiles, owned by lawyers, doctors, merchants, business men, and some owned and driven by ladies. All of us are murderers in spirit, or, in fact, so "Citizen" believes. If automobiles are so deadly and dangerous, why not pass a law prohibiting their use on the streets of Richmond, and if they are not so deadly and dangerous, why not stop the discussion and the resulting antagonism, which must always follow such discussion?

Yours very truly,

R. B. ALLPORT.

The Reunion.
They sleep in the tented city,
Where host met host in battle,
Where brother slew slow foe.

The cannon have ceased their thunder,
The smoke has rolled from the valley,
The gore has come from the hill.

The Blue has come from his forest,
The Gray from fair Dixie land;
And they meet on the sod where they battled.

To clasp a friendly hand.

They come with a garland of flowers
To offer the heroes that fell;
Who shrink not when bullets fell thick.

But served for his country well.

They meet with the peace banner floating
Over the land of the noble and free;
A Union from the valley,
And from lakes to the calm summer sea.

D. WELDON EWING.

Mt. Solon, Va.

Keener, Come and Get Him!
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
A dashed little comma bacillus!
Underlook to endanger and kill us;
But the general freight,
Broke up in a fight,
And caused hyperchloritis to fill us!
Accent on the penult, please, and a soft "e."

J.

An Error in Distances.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—In my communication on the subject of the proposed union passenger station, printed in this morning's issue of The Times-Dispatch, by a typographical error of your typesetter the distance from the Hermitage site to the Jefferson Hotel was stated as 1.04 miles, while the correct distance is 1.85 miles. 1.04 miles is the distance from the Main Street site to the Jefferson Hotel. As the distance from these two sites to the Jefferson Hotel is a very important point, trust you will publish this to correct the error.

A CITIZEN WITH NO AX TO GRIND.

Peace.
She comes to me upon the path of night,
Peace, with her holy eyes serene and calm,
Above the countless stars bend from their height
To kiss the ground her footsteps pass upon.

The warring night wind, sobbing low and faint,
Hushes at her approach its sad complaint.

I feel her healing touch upon my brow
Still the restless beating pulse of care,
As in the shadows close beside me now
She stoops and softly bends above my chair.

While to my thirsty lips she raises up
The crystal draught she bears within her cup.

The calling voices of the night are still,
The weary wind somewhere has sunk to rest,
The stars reach out their golden cups to spill
Bright, sparkling jewels down upon the earth.

While in the hush from some dim far away
The angels seem to strike their harps and play.

O Peace! I pray thee, turn not to depart,
And leave me thus upon the path of life;
Abide thou evermore within my heart
To still the tempest and the fitful strife.

So I may walk each path, and meet each storm,
With faith in God and heart serene and calm.

Richmond. AMANDA B. CORDES.

MANUFACTURER.

In Defense of Automobile Owners.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—"Deadly automobiles" is again the subject of discussion in your paper. The letter signed "Citizen" is not worth the paper on which it is written, for the reason that the author has under self behind a most commonly used word—phoney. An article to be of any value or influence should have under it the writer's signature.

"Citizen" terms automobiles "noiseless juggernauts," but the noiseless count of their cars making unnecessary noise. "Citizen" never owned an automobile, but he has heard of them, and therefore, "Citizen" thinks that owners of automobiles are appearing there in scores and paying no heed to their victims crush under the wheels of their cars; to hear the dull thud of the car as it strikes the human body, and then two days afterwards watch with gloating eyes the slowly moving victim's final resting place, and they watch take a knife from their pockets and cut a notch on the dashboard of their cars to record the passing of another victim of their deadly automobiles.

Does "Citizen" believe that since the automobile came into use that accident insurance premiums have increased? Does "Citizen" know that people are ever injured in any way other than by automobiles? In fact, does "Citizen" know where he is taking his ride? If the people who are always so severely denouncing automobiles and drivers would pay more attention to the way in which they conduct themselves when crossing a street

there would be less danger of accidents.

There are now in Richmond 1,150 automobiles, owned by lawyers, doctors, merchants, business men, and some owned and driven by ladies. All of us are murderers in spirit, or, in fact, so "Citizen" believes. If automobiles are so deadly and dangerous, why not pass a law prohibiting their use on the streets of Richmond, and if they are not so deadly and dangerous, why not stop the discussion and the resulting antagonism, which must always follow such discussion?

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